Стихи мимоходом

Poems passing by

My first books

СТИХИ НЕ ПО ЗАКАЗУ

Эти стихи — отражение восприятия жизни автором в разные моменты, в различных аспектах; написаны в разных стилях, мимолетно, безыскусно и ненавязчиво.
Целью работы ни в коей мере не было показать «мою жизнь в искусстве».
Некоторые стихи являются поэтическим вымыслом или, как говорили в древности, снизошедшим откровением.
Обычно размышления не вписываются в поэтическую форму: ведь стихи так же искусственны, как и религиозные тексты, поэтому автор стихами не ограничивается.

NEMO
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1978...

Little secret I would know,
How never stop to grow,
How never cease to fight,
Always hear the Inner Guide ?...

When you feel so weak and bad,
pay attention to the Whole...
Ancient forts and castles stand,
What may happen to your soul ?...

If you have a healthy mind,
you may hear Music of Life,
Find its wellsprings, taste its beauty,
You will never live like stupid,

And you no one ever let
make you tractable and dead...

* * *

So fine each day to feel anew,
And hope that someone waits for you,
To think before each yes and no,
And find the way for you to go...

* * *

Where is my love, away or near ?
I only hear the rain...
But if it's raining everywhere,
Perhaps she feels the same ?...

Three magic words I keep inside,
Which no one ever knew,
Until it's possible to hide,
Until they fall on You...

When I feel too weak and bad,
Angel whispers in my ear:
"Ancient mountains still stand,
God is great, his grace is near..."

* * *

This world is imperfect,
No place for remorse...
Our only precept is:
Don't make it worse !

1977-1980

Writing poems - not for me,
they will never make me free,
hardly keep alive and strong,
But my tongue will grow long...

The paper is a fake [*The art is mere fake*],
And so you have to make
an effort to remain
in quite *another plane*...

* * *

Mensch hat das Recht fuer die Wahl,
Aber die Wahl selten hat,
Er unabhaengig sein kann,
Leider, nicht so in der Tat...

* * *

We try to know the world and ourselves - and fail...
we want to conquer Nature - and nothing comes out of it...

we try to reach some goal - and dissipate on small things...
try to be loyal - and go astray...
we attempt to get after Time - and remain on the roadside...

we wish to be in the center of life - and find ourselves alone...
we gather - and lose...
trying to touch the Moon- while we cannot fly...

We are obsessed by embellishment, eager to decorate everything with knick-knacks and flowers- but the picked flowers dry up/wither...

We look after external forms- and don't see the essence, the meaning behind...
We invent the artificial and don't see Eternal, the Most High...

Happiness and Truth are very calm, quiet, non-blatant, almost unnoticeable - as rustle of the grass, bird's flight, nodding of flowers, night glitter of stars, or sea coolness....
They slip away, escaping with mysterious smile... Being near, and not easy to attain...
They appear when there is neither fanaticism, nor banality/platitude, nor deception and fraud, nor greed, envy and injustice...
Enigma of Life is beyond forms, systems, rituals, dogmas, fantasies and expressions...

Never restricted by national, religious and party/sect boundaries...

2009

* * *

Meditation is like a pure murmuring spring...

Like seashore breeze and fluttering swallows...
Like rain in a pine forest...

Like first sun beams falling on the grass...
Like intoxicating mountain air...
Like lonely traveling cloud in a blue sky...

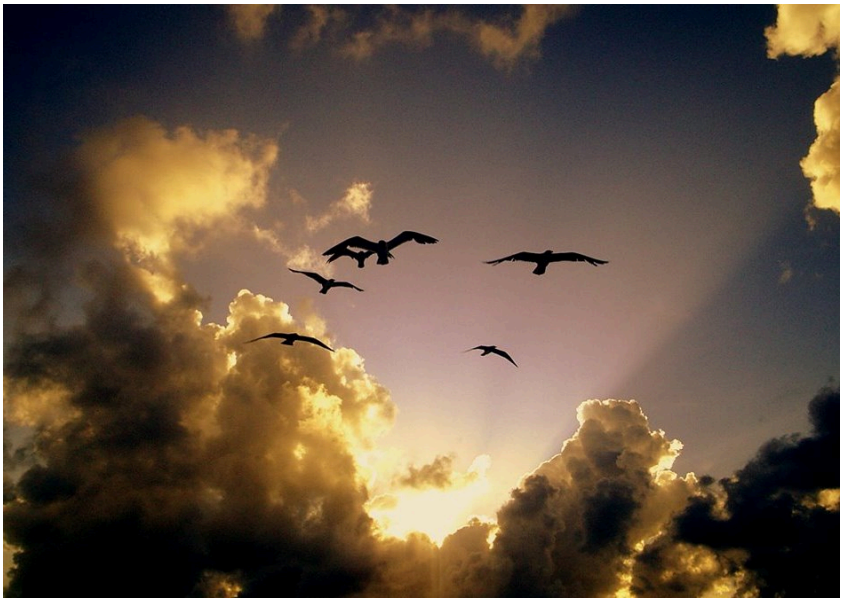
Like a child playing in the garden...
Like dear subtle images flashing in cycles of life...

Like sincere prayer, inner beauty, harmony and revelation without intermediaries...

Like a bird flying his own ways...

Ancient and Newborn...

2010



Meditations on Mediterranean:

My holy Mecca is the Sea,
The only place where I feel free,
Where we behold Eternal Stream,
So there I'm loyal pilgrim…

Swimming heals and improves,
You'll find out the proofs,
It brings tranquility,
accountability,
postpones one's debility…

Sea shows horizons, gives new sight,
She shares her beauty and her Might...

Enjoy the sea and praise the Sun,
while don't forget Almighty One
remaining quiet behind the scene,
creating Life from depths unseen...

Pafos - Alanya
9/2012; 9/2014

* * *

Good is Good, and Evil is Evil,
and never the two shall meet,
Except in battles for influence,
No tolerance im *Lebensgebiet*...

* * *

* * *

The Day of Renewal came, and Zaratushtra started singing joyously about One Tiny Second from which a new Circle of Life, new round of mundane Chakra (wheel) began... Turning from Darkness, Chaos, Vacuum, Nothingness, Weakness, Evil, Death - to Light, Evolvement, Order, Strength and Good...
This inner song made his way not so tiresome and sorrowful, and stars in the sky filled his soul with some hope and significance...

Several seconds and days... Several breaths... Several steps...
Several sunrises and sunsets... Several circles... One Life...

Maltus and Darwin were wrong: In this world only the worst, meanest, most insolent, predatory and insidious win and survive- not merely the "fittest". EVIL, cruelty, chaos and money rule the world...
And Nietzsche was wrong: one cannot be outside/beyond Good and Evil- one can be either on one side or another.

Since *Life is a Struggle (or war)*:
of **Evil - and Good**,
of Light - and Darkness,
Spirit and Matter,
of Death - and Life,
Chaos - and Harmony,
Degradation - and Development,
Creation versus Destruction,
Truth and Reason versus Lies and Illusions,
Justice versus rapacity and parasitism,
Independence - and Slavery,
Health vs. illness,
Useful and Harmful....

Hence our duty – to chose right, never serve Evil, *respect and appreciate Life*, resist Chaos and meanness... "May our actions be attuned with wisdom and good thought"...

The essence of true religion:

Proper thought, proper speech, right deeds: think creatively, speak sincerely, act adequately...
Thus spoke Zartosht, Confucius, Lao-tzu, Buddha, Kautilya, ancient Greeks, Omar Hayyam, Rumi, Kabir, guru Nanak, Baltasar Gracian, Krishnamurti and others...

2014

"***God helps those who help themselves***"

This Planet sweeps along in depth of boundless Cosmos...
We are invisible for Creator, lost in Time...
Believe or not, meditate or not - does it matter ?...
Prophets, preachers, gurus, sages and Saviors come and go...
Arts don't help either, is transient, however impressive...

Time is unmerciful. Can we outplay it ?... Can we change anything ?...
Rocks crumble, rivers dry up, words fade, ideas are forgotten... We are being rushed like splinters in a stormy Ocean...or as sparks from a fair in the wind...

The world is not friendly to us. Nature is imperfect... Chaos and Darkness do their vile job...

Beauty, grandeur, intelligence go side by side with deformity, madness, destruction ...
The nobility - with vulgarity and meanness ...
Useful labor - with parasitism and plunder...
And where is wisdom and perfection of Creation ?? ...
What an insane, cruel, failed world !...

Evil spreads... Wars, outrage, misery and diseases multiply...
Cruelty, greed and violence rule the world, not Love and Creation...
People are divided and lonely, kill themselves by wrong actions...
Corrupt scoundrels triumph everywhere, while the innocent suffer...
Circumstances are always against us, and no Messiah is on horizon...

We cry for Justice and Reason, while *Mara* follows *Ahuramazda* on the heels...
We are *one-on-one* with harsh and relentless reality...
Who shall take care of you, who will pity you ?...

Two forces oppose in the world: Evil and Good, Darkness and Light...
It's not known which of them will win, Nature is indifferent to her creations...
Man is always on the battlefield between these two forces...
Whose side is he on, whom will he join – that's what Fate will prepare for him...

What has sense in the world, is not one's appearance or status, but proper thinking, willpower and adequate actions...

It's important how we perceive the world and whether we are able to change ourselves, manage ourselves...
Really ELECTED are the men of Honor, regardless of nationality, religion or party affiliation - not those whom once depicted the priests and preachers in their sacred books...

* * *

2015

ओम

ॐ तत् सत् * सत श्री अकाली

To Unknown G_d

I was afraid to lose you on this planet...
Can't save my soul - if I forget it...

No other image in my mind,
No other paradise to find...

Life throws us troubles, me and you,
The chances to survive are few,
And we must learn to live anew...

We wish and dream,
Life isn't cream, a risky stream...